AULD MEMORIES.

BY R. H. T.

Has you min' o' auld lang syne,
When the simmer days were fine,
And the sun shone brighter far
Than he has e'er done sin' syne?
I min' weil the vera turn
Whar we guddled in the burn
An' were late for the schule
In the morn.

Do ye min' the sunny braes
Whar we gathered hips and slaes,
And fell mang bramble bushes
A' tearing a' our claes!
An', for fear they wed be seen,
We gaed slipping hame at e'en,
And were licket for our pains,
On the morn.

What gleesome fun was there
Wi' our games o' houn' and hare!
We played truant frae the schule
Because it was the fair.
We ran off by Patie's mill
To the wuds ayont Broom hill,
And were frightened for the taws
On the morn.

Min' ye o' the miller's dam
Whan the frosty winters cam?
We slid on the curlers' rink
And made their game asham;
When they chased us thro' the snaw
We took leg bail, ane an' a'?
But we did it o'er again
On the morn.

Where are those bright hearts now,
That were then sae leal and true?
Some hae left life's troubled scene,
Some are yet struggling thro',
Some hae e'en been lifted high
In life's changing destiny,
For they rose like the skylark
In the morn.

Now youth's sweet spring is past,
An' life's autumn comes at last,
Our simmer day has passed awa',
Our winter nearin' fast,
But, tho' lang the night may seem,
We shall sleep without a dream,
Till we waken on the bright
Sabbath morn.

Nae temple we'll see there,
Whar in crowds we may repair
To worship the Lord o' Hosts,
As here has been our care.
But we'll join the heavenly throng,
An', wi' voices sweet and strong,
We'll sing the ne'er ending song
On yon morn.

Chicago, February, 1886.

A TRAVELING SALESMAN.

"Why, hello, Hammond! Turned up again?"

"Yes, with you once more, Edelin. Not here on business this time, however; on the way back to New York."

He was a handsome and engaging fellow, this Harry Hammond, and his voice had a hearty freshness about it as he replied to the clerk in the office of the Mansion House, Baltimore, this crisp May evening on which our story opens.

For several years he had been one of the most valued travelers for the famous New York house of Smart & Main. He had finished Baltimore some weeks previous; had said good-by to the hotel clerk, with whom he had formed quite an acquaintance; and, as on former occasions of the traveling season, Edelin (how many commercial travelers may readily recall that gentlemanly clerk's individuality!) had not expected to see him again for months.

Yet here was Hammond, sprung almost with the suddenness of a jack from a box, grip in hand, and smilingly requesting:

"The same old room, Edelin, if it's vacant, please."

Something out of the usual course was transpiring within the life of the young traveler. He was of fine physique, manly countenance, affable manner, a fine conversationalist, without over-effusiveness, 38 years of age, and—a bachelor. A well-kept man, too, was he, being a living example of the denial of the world's general opinion of men of his craft; for the opinion is unjustly popular that the commercial traveler is comprised, on an average, of mere mechanism, brass, dudish vanity, and dissolute attributes, selling by stereotyped persistency and obnoxious ubiquitousness, spending the whole of a salary upon the vain back, or dissipating whatever small balance there may be in riotous living along the road. The actual character, however, of this "average" should demand close study on the part of would-be censors. The profession involves a high order of intelligence, a superior quickness of perception, an essential keenness of business method, a constantly proper care of person and morals, and a dignity in keeping with the commercial prominence of the firm they represent. Their contact with the world yields them a vast experience in men and methods, and the very roughness of the world imparts a polish of manner worthy of imitation by many who profess to be, but fall far short of, the title of gentleman.

Many are the strange experiences that these working bees of the merchant hive tell.

But the most romantic of his own life was that which befell Hammond on his visit to the Monumental City earlier in the season.

Among the merchants who had for some years bought regularly of Smart & Main was old Richard Girard, one of the "landmark" clothiers of Baltimore. Hammond was in favor with the old gentleman, and fair Laura Girard, who had long ago become acquainted with the handsome traveler at her father's immense establishment, was accustomed to greet him cordially whenever he came to the city.

Everyone must remember the extraordinary dullness of trade in the fall of '76—which was just the time that Hammond put in his appearance to take the merchant's order for the next season's stock.

He was requested to step into the private office at the rear, where Mr. Girard then was. But in a small ante-room he paused involuntarily, for a remarkable exclamation came to his ears in the voice of the beautiful Laura. She was evidently addressing her father, and her voice was almost sobbing.

"Dear father," she said, brokenly, "strive to bear up. Perhaps you are anticipating too much. This may be but a passing apprehension of yours——"

"No, no," interrupted his tremulous voice; "I fear it is already known on the street that I am on the verge of bankruptcy. I cannot see my way. Matters are indeed dark for me—— But there! I am sick at heart. I shall go home. I must have air." And abruptly he hurried forth to the street, without so much as noticing Hammond, who stood almost on the threshold.

"Miss Girard?"

He broke softly upon her as she stood there, weeping silently.

"Mr. Hammond!" she exclaimed, startledly.

He quickly closed the door behind him, then for one instant gazed upon her without saying a word. He had always deemed her beautiful, but never was she so beautiful as now; pale in her sorrow and with the stain of tears upon her soft cheeks. Then he mastered the warm emotion of love that possessed him, and said:

"Pardon my intrusion, please; I had called to see your father. I regret that I have accidentally trespassed upon some private family grievance. I shall call again."

He bowed and left her. Whatever else might have been in his heart to say, he left it unsaid.

Straight to the Superintendent he went, and was heartily greeted.

"Ah, Hammond! We've been waiting for you. See!" and he produced a long list from an official-looking envelope.

"List ready for me, hey? My samples came on ahead all right, then?"

"Yes, but Mr. Girard has ordered me to hold the list back——"

"Oh, that is all right. Let me have it. I have seen Mr. Girard."

(This was not altogether a fib!)

Obtaining the order list, he returned to his hotel. There was a letter awaiting him from Smart & Main. It inquired particularly about Richard Girard, who, the rumor from the agency said, was not sound.

Hastily he telegraphed to the firm:

"O. K. My word for it."

In a letter to the firm he inclosed Girard's order list.

It was then near 2 o'clock p. m. At 6 he must leave for Western Pennsylvania, then toward Chicago.

Thoughts of Laura Girard were haunting him. He resolved to attempt an interview with the beautiful girl before his departure, and his object may be readily divined.

Laura was "at home" to him when he called at the merchant's residence.

"Miss Girard, a second time I must beg of you to pardon my intrusion. But I leave town this evening, and before I go, I have something to say that must be spoken. I was an unintentional listener to what passed in your father's office to-day. I know why your father gave orders to withhold the customary list. But I believe Richard Girard to be a good business man and a safe one. I have presumed to take upon myself the responsibility of sending this information to the New York firm. Will you read?" and he handed her the letter from Smart & Main, together with a copy of his telegram.

When she had read she gasped in great agitation:

"But you can't know all——"

"Yes," smilingly, "I know, and I would stake my very life upon him!"

"Why do you do this?"

"Because I love you, Laura," came the plain, straightforward answer. "I have come here to-day to tell you this, and to ask—Laura!"

With the quick words and a quicker step he was by her side, and a mighty thrill pervaded him as he drew her, unresistingly, to his breast. He knew that he owned her heart—knew that she must have loved him before that minute, else she would not so readily have permitted the caress.

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It was nearly nightfall when Richard Girard returned from a second attendance at his office. When he came in his haggard face wore even a newer cast of worriment.

"A very remarkable thing has happened!" he exclaimed, suppressedly.

"What is it, father?"

"That young Hammond had the audacity to take the order list from Superintendent Mills, notwithstanding my express commands to withhold it."

And he added, decidedly, as Laura made no response:

"I shall write to-night to Smart & Main, countermanding the order; for I suppose, of course, he, Hammond, has sent it off."

"I would not do that, father."

"And why, pray? I don't see my way clear for ordering such a bill of goods in these hard times."

"Mr. Hammond is your friend. He has sent on the order. Perhaps you would like to see what he said of you to Smart & Main?"

She handed to him the letter and telegram which Hammond had left with her.

When he had read he frowned.

"What does it mean?"

"It means, father" with just the slightest tremor of voice, "that Mr. Hammond loves me, and——"

"And you love him?" with a deeper frown.

"Yes."

He arose and walked deliberately to her side.

"Laura," he said, gently, but firmly, "I have nothing to score against Hammond. But business and matrimony are matters of different worlds—sentiment is in the antipodes. When you marry it shall be with some one of a higher grade than a mere traveling drummer of trade. Let this go no further. I accept Hammond's friendly *business* action; his sentimental advances to you, however, I emphatically forbid. As soon as possible I shall settle with Smart & Main."

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The sun had gone down, and the moon was up apace this lovely May evening, when Harry Hammond just in from the West, made a hasty toilet, at the Mansion House, and hastened to the home of his betrothed, on Charles street.

It was an appointed night between the lovers; it had been agreed between them that Hammond should then, upon his return from the West, stop over on the new "week's end" ticket, and ask Girard for his daughter Laura in marriage.

She anticipated the servant when his expected signal sounded at the bell. For a brief space they were locked in a close embrace:

Then releasing herself, she said:

"I think father is in the library. Come, we will go together to him. But I fear for the worst, Harry."

"Let us not fear—but come," he said.

They little knew what a scene was at that moment transpiring in the library.

Times had gone even harder than before with Richard Girard. The strikes throughout the Union had seriously depressed trade; in the very midst of his season the merchant found his business blocked at every turn. House after house had been mortgaged to sustain him in the ordeal, until now, his creditors having heard of his transactions, had closed in upon him like wolves—all, excepting Smart & Main, of New York, and he marveled at their quietness. The once powerful merchant actually found himself on the verge of ruin, with credit completely gone, when less than twenty thousand dollars would have "tided him over" and saved him.

In the library were the merchant, the lawyer, the notary, and a few of the most important creditors. Their conversation plainly indicated the climax of an assignment.

"Please affix your signature here, Mr. Girard."

Tremblingly the old man's hand received the pen; another moment and, through his tears of shame he would have signed away all that remained of a once proud fortune.

"Hold!" interposed a commanding voice.

Harry Hammond stepped into their midst, while Laura, in the doorway, gazed apprehensively upon the strange scene.

"This is, perhaps, a little premature," the young traveler said, blandly. "How much was it I overheard you remark, Mr. Attorney, that you figured Mr. Girard's liabilities?"

"Just eighteen thousand and ninety dollars, with a fraction of cents."

Hammond turned to the merchant.

"Mr. Girard, my draft for twenty thousand on the Chemical National Bank, of New York, is at your disposal. Request these gentlemen to meet you at your office to-morrow in banking hours, and receive your checks against the draft."

Not until the assembled creditors, the lawyer, and the attorney had departed did the dazed merchant recover from the mist of astoundment.

He saw his daughter tenderly folded in Hammond's arms, and both gazing expectantly toward him.

"Hammond, whence comes this money?"

"My savings, Mr. Girard, through many years of hard labor."

"How much have you saved?"

"Just twenty thousand."

"You have, then, given me all that you possessed! Then I shall be just and give to you all that I have in the world, my motherless child, my darling Laura. I know that she loves you, else a hundred times twenty thousand could not buy one of her kisses away from her old father. May God bless you!"

A sudden and wonderful change has come over the Baltimore House. In front is a new, gold-lettered sign bearing the firm name, "Girard & Hammond." There is to be a sound of wedding bells, while "the flowers that bloo——" but no matter. Hammond has retired from the road; old Richard Girard takes life easy in the gray and grue of a nearly ended career, riding at will in his comfortable private carriage once again. Laura is busy with her trousseau; and Hammond, the groom elect, is busy infusing the life of his younger blood, energy, and experience successfully into the fast recovering business of his partner and prospective father-in-law.—*The American Commercial Traveler.*

Rev. Mr. Talmage's Mother.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the lines of gray hair and how sometimes she would sit down at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say: "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder and said: "De Witt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday meal. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-six years' smile, not the smile of inanimation, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Equine Celebrities.

Lord Falmouth gives it as his opinion that the ten best horses of the century have been Plenipotentiary, Bay Middleton, Priam, West Australian, Flying Dutchman, Surplice, Harkaway, Touchstone, Cremorne, Gladiateur. Mathew Dawson thinks the ten best were Touchstone, Flying Dutchman, Voltigeur, Stockwell, West Australian, Thormanby, Blair Athol, Gladiateur, St. Simon, and Ormonde. John Porter, one of the most successful trainers in the world, says Teddington, Virago, West Australian, Fisherman, Gladiateur, Rosicrucian, Isonomy, Robert the Devil, St. Simon, and Foxhall were the best of the century. The Hon. Francis Lawley, a well-known turf litterateur, includes Foxhall among the ten best which he has ever seen. So does Mr. James Smith, owner of Rosebery, winner of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire; so, of course, does William Day, who also names Plenipotentiary, Bay Middleton, Mendicant, Priam, Blue Gown, Touchstone, Surplice, West Australian, and Crucifix as the best he ever saw. John Nightingall includes Foxhall in the best he ever saw. T. Jennings, Jr., includes Verneuil (by Mortemer) in the best he ever saw. John Dawson names absolutely the best horse he ever saw as Prince Charlie. All are more or less influenced by their close connection with the best horses they name, yet, for the benefit of posterity, their own opinions may be well worth preserving.—*Sportsman.*

International Fame.

In competition for the laurels of international fame the pen, or its ally, the printing-press, has become decidedly mightier than the sword. If we had to guess at the name of the widest-known citizen of the United States we should not lose our time among the W's and G's. In Roumanian villages, in Tyrolese dairy hamlets, in poor Silesian weaver towns, where the name of U. S. Grant has never been pronounced by human tongue, and where even the sage who divides his time between scuttle-mending and school-teaching has only a vague idea that General Washington was a doughty rebel, who somewhere or other gave the English a deal of trouble in his time, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would be welcomed as an old acquaintance. In Livonian moo land settlements, where the rumors of war come only through the medium of censor-sifted Russian weeklies, blear-eyed spinsters have shed more tears over the truculence of Squire Legree than over the smoke of their own turf-fire, and are ready to invoke all the saints of their family almanac to attest the veracity of the Lady Byron scandal—for the worship of one idolized book hallows all its successors.—*Prof. Oswald.*

MARRIAGE in Scandinavia in old times could take place without clergy, but divorce required a religious rite. The wife could demand this if the husband wasted the common property. The husband was absolute master of the property of his wife, even of her dower, but if they were separated, he must restore all that belonged to her, and from one-third to one-half of their common acquisitions.

A UTICA naturalist says that song birds in that region are fast disappearing. The wren is almost unknown, the bobolink, that formerly abounded on the Mohawk meadows, is disappearing rapidly, while blue birds, yellow birds, orioles, and even woodpeckers, highhees and crows are becoming scarce.

BEING SCALPED.

How It Feels to Have Your Hair Lifted by an Indian.

A sick and sorry looking spectacle of humanity stepped from the passenger train, says the Chico (Cal.) *Chronicle*, and climbed into a waiting wagon and was driven to the country. His name was Samuel Neff. He is a man of about thirty years of age, and his parents reside in Pine Creek. Young Neff is just home from Arizona, where he has been prospecting in the mines and acting as a scout on the hunt for Indians. Unfortunately for him he found the murderous red devils, and they almost made mincemeat of him. One day while riding through a canon he was shot through the shoulder and fell from his horse. His assailants, finding that he was not dead, tortured him outrageously. They cut gashes in his face and all over his body, applied fire to his feet and hands, and ended their brutality by scalping him. He suffered untold agonies, and prayed that death might relieve him. Finally he fell into a faint, and upon awakening he found himself being kindly cared for in a miner's cabin. The miner had picked him up and carried him a long distance on horseback. Neff suffered weeks of excruciating pain and raved with a fever, and as soon as he was able to travel he took the road for home.

Last evening a *Chronicle* reporter asked Neff how it felt to have his hair lifted.

"It is a dreadful sensation," he said. "One thinks, as the skin is being torn from the skull, that his feet are coming right up through his body to the top of his head. Oh, it is terrible. It is so painful that you cannot utter a cry, and thousands of stars dance before your eyes. You imagine red-hot needles are darting in and out of your flesh, and you clasp your hands so closely that the finger nails cut into the flesh. I would rather be run through a thrashing machine, ground up in a sausage mill or thrown under a locomotive than to ever undergo such another ordeal. It makes me shudder to think of the tortures I have gone through with, and I never want to look upon the face of another Indian."

"Do many persons survive the operation?" interrupted the reporter.

"No; I have only heard of two or three men beside myself who have lost their hair by the scalping-knife and then live to tell it."

"Do you think the hair will ever grow out again?"

"Oh, no; I shall always have a bald spot up there. The skin was torn off for a space of four inches square, and I'm afraid it will never heal entirely. Even if it does heal over, the bare place will always be so painful that I cannot touch it. I keep my head tied up in cotton and sweet oil. You see my beauty has been entirely marred. These frightful gashes across my face will go with me to the grave."

Revealing the Sphinx.

It will be good news for antiquaries to learn that at last an effort is being made to disinter the Sphinx. For ages visitors to Egypt have been amazed at this stupendous effort of the sculptors who flourished before the gnomon of Cheops was built. Yet, while city after city has been disinterred almost within sight of the monument to the Kingly Horus, this magnificent memorial of a vanished race has been permitted to get heaped deeper and deeper with the desert sand, in spite of the prayer inscribed on the slab of Thothmes, which begs the peoples that are to come to keep the statue clear of the drift, which even then was threatening to overwhelm it. Some forty feet of the figure is still above the surface; but all save the head and neck are covered, and we only know what lies beneath from the description of travelers like Salt and Caviglia, who examined it before the sands had submerged the body of the figure. Even then, nearly seventy years ago, it was only by great labor that the excavators could manage to make out the details they have supplied, and, in spite of their efforts the desert sand was constantly encroaching on the cleared space. Since that date nothing has been done. Every year has added to the accumulations, and so steadily has the work of interment been going on that visitors, after an absence of twenty or thirty years, notice a sensible change in the amount of debris piled up around the Sphinx. Indeed, if something is not done the chances are that before long the monument, which divides with the Pyramids themselves the interest of every intelligent traveler, will be entirely swallowed up. This has been the fate of many similar architectural remains in its close proximity.

It is difficult to say for certain when the Sphinx was sculptured. But it is, we believe, now generally admitted that the idea of shaping a great rock into the semblance of Horus, surmounted with the regal "pschent," the tall conical crown and wide flowing wig over the brow of the threatening basilisk, and from the chin the royal beard, was carried out during the era of Ata and Senefern, Pharaohs in whose reign the love of architecture was a ruling passion. The ancient Egyptians loved to have everything on a great scale. They erected huge pyramids and carved their records on obelisks which, under northern skies, are still the wonder of the quarry-man. Hence, when they saw a huge ridge of limestone projecting from the platform at the foot of the Libyan Mountains, and bearing a rude resemblance to a reclining quadruped, the temptation to give it human form must have been irresistible to a people who seemed to have lived chisel in hand. The figure of a lion with the head of a man was the form it was destined to take. These sphinxes, as they came to be called, were not the creatures of the Egyptian imagination, for as symbols of force and intelligence they are found in Assyria and Babylonia, and their figures are not uncommon in Phœnician works of art.

No wonder that the Arabs knew this mighty monster as Aboo'l Hol (the Father of Terrors), or that the Greeks, to whom its symbolism was a mystery, named it the Sphinx. Its face is thirty feet long and fourteen broad, and was at one time glazed with sarcret pigment, while its body is one hundred and forty feet in length, and the outstretched paws, no longer to be seen, fifty feet long. Between the paws was erected a temple thirty-five feet long, while in front of the giant's breast was a small sanctuary, entered by a door-way divided into passages by a reclining lion. At the far end of the sanctuary was the tablet of Thothmes IV., and on either side other tablets covered with sculptured bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics, while in the court of the temple was an altar, which, with some fragments of the Sphinx, is now in the British Museum. Here for ages troops of priests officiated. Upon the stately flight of steps, so arranged that the lordly proportions of the Sphinx might be seen to advantage, endless troops of worshipers ascended, or prostrated themselves as the smoke of the burned sacrifice curled over the then fertile valley. Though the slabs with the dream of Thothmes and prayer of the Sphinx to keep his statue clear of the sand which has since then overwhelmed it are no longer there, the outline of the temple and the flight of steps will be exposed to view. The dead wall, with the mounds of shifting sand piled against it, will, as we have said, form a most prosaic outwork to this noble monument, and must conceal from the visitor that front view which, as in the case of Stonehenge, is to many most striking. But the opportunity of seeing the entire figure and of observing the majestic face as the sculptor intended it to be seen from below, not from in front, and on the same level, will be ample compensation for what must necessarily be lost.—*London Daily Telegram.*

Curious Experiments in Hypnotism.

I have recently attended three very interesting seances given by Prof. Luys, concerning hypnotism. The meetings were held at his private residence, and were attended only by his personal friends and some acquaintances of Dr. Luys. The result of the experiments were very singular indeed, especially during a somnambulistic trance. M. Luys has studied, and shown to us, the effects of the different drugs and poisons when put in a glass vial, firmly sealed with a lamp, and kept near the patient (*action des medicaments a distance*). Each different drug produced a special and characteristic effect. Valerian does not act like ether or brandy. Wine, brandy, and champagne do not produce exactly the same effects; that is, the drunkenness brought on by the presence of these different alcoholic beverages is not precisely the same, and the differences closely correspond with those observed in persons really intoxicated with wine, brandy, or champagne. For instance, ether acts on Esther N. in the following manner: After a few minutes' application of the ether vial behind the neck, she grows less drowsy, opens her eyes and begins laughing and grinning without any reason whatever. Her mirth is soon very great and even noisy. A very singular fact is that in her normal condition many colors are not seen by her; but under the influence of ether she sees them quite distinctly, and is astonished at the vividness of her color-impressions. Valerian acts upon her very differently. She begins scratching the floor, as cats do, and believes she is disinterring the remains of her mother; and she is in a train of thought. Wine, similarly put behind her back, intoxicates her in a most pronounced and realistic manner; she is certainly in a state of beastly intoxication, and could not possibly be more so if she had really swallowed several bottles of wine. It is quite a sight to witness the experiment. She goes through the whole ordeal from beginning to end, and finally rolls on the floor as drunk as a drunkard ever was. Water brings on symptoms of hydrophobia. These experiments fully confirm those of Drs. Burot and Fourru, of Rochefort, on the same subject. —*Science.*

Did It Herself.

There were five of us in the stage riding out to the Mammoth Cave from Cave City, and one of the number was a young lady. As she was good-looking and attractive, it was no wonder that all of us men folks slicked up our hair, wiped of our chin, and sought to entertain her. She didn't ask any of us whether he was married or single, but just chattered away with one and another like a sensible girl. We had gone about a mile when the harness broke and we had to wait half an hour while the driver made repairs. During this interval the young lady produced a small book of poems and interested herself. Pretty soon the Major asked her to read a few poems aloud for our delectation. She blushed and hesitated, but finally complied. She was a fair reader, and it read like fair poetry, but she had scarcely finished the first poem when the Major spoke up:

"Ah! it's Burns! I recognized him by his false syntax, lame meters and wishy-washy rhymes. Dear me, but I hope he is not your standard."

"These are not Burns' poems," she quietly replied.

"Not Burns? Who then?"

"I—I wrote them myself, sir!"

The Major slid out to see about the harness, and we saw him no more. He walked back to the hotel to ruminate. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Valuable Plants.

In a recent geological paper, Prof. J. Starkie Gardner sketched the value and importance of the grasses at the present day, remarking that they occupy under cultivation one-third of the entire area of Europe, inclusive of lakes and mountains, while, exclusive of malt and spirituous drinks distilled from them, their products to the value of nearly one hundred millions sterling are imported annually into England alone. There are over 3,000 species, fitted to occupy most diverse stations and to overcome nearly every kind of vegetable competition, with the result that about 95 per cent. of the plants growing in ordinary meadow-land are grasses.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE realizes that her cup of literary distinction is full and running over, and has announced that she will write no more for publication.

THE prayer of the spring chicken is, "Now I lay me."

HUMOR.

THE darkest hour is when you can't find the matches.

THE last agony—sitting up with your girl at 11.45 p. m.

THE kangaroo, it is said, enjoys a "beautiful spring."

THE fact that an expression isn't wrong doesn't make it trite.

THE henpecked husband cannot understand why anybody should shout for home rule.—*Boston Courier.*

OUR market reporter informs us that there is a remarkable downward tendency in lampwicks on Sunday night.

A GROCER advertises "something new in coffee." Have they really got to putting coffee in it?—*Texas Siftings.*

JOBBINS says that intestinal strife is going on daily in his garden. He can prove it by the hen trails.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A MULE has the full allowance of vertebræ in his backbone. This is why he can't avert a bray in certain emergencies.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"THIS butter is pretty old, I guess," said the boarder. "What makes you think so?" asked the landlady. "Because the hairs in it are gray."—*Boston Courier.*

IF there is anything more dangerous than the unloaded gun which always goes off when it is pointed at anybody, it is the pleasure boat that can't tip over. It is this kind of boat which tips over every time.

AT a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, "love, honor and obey," the groom interrupted him and said: "Read that agin, sah; read it wunce mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. I'se been married befo'."

AN exchange says: "The editor of this paper is the possessor of a hog." So are we—several of them, in fact. Their names are on our subscription book, and they have taken the paper for the last three or four years and have never paid a cent.—*Estelline Bell.*

"WELL, Jack, were you at the theater last night?" "Yes; and it was a splendid play." "Is that so? I heard they had a full house." "Full house? Pshaw! I was the only one there." "Come to think of it, I believe it *was* the audience instead of the house that was full."—*Newman Independent.*

CENSUS Enumerator—"What is your business, Mr. Snaggs?" Snaggs—"I have no business, sir." C. E.—"Are you a gentleman of leisure?" Snaggs—"No, sir, I am a friend of the workingman." C. E.—"Yes, but where do you work?" Snaggs—"Work! Work! I don't work; I'm a Socialist."—*Lynn Union.*

THE CITY SPORTSMAN.

There is surely no accounting why some men
who go out hunting do the most of it in
grunting and can never hit a single
blessed thing;
Yet to hear them do their bragging, you would
count upon their bagging all the game that
they catch lagging in the county and to
shoot it on the wing.
It is only little sparrows that a boy with bow
and arrows could shoot easy tween the
harrows, that the braggadocia sportsman
ever hits;
And he thinks he's mighty topping when he
sees some bird that's hopping, though he
never thinks of popping at the tamest kind
of game unless it sits.
As at night he homeward walketh and up
through a farmyard stalketh, his poor dog
at something barketh, and he thinks per-
haps he'll strike a little luck;
So down where the cattle grazeth, dizzy sports-
man creeps and blazeth, and a lot of
feathers raiseth off a poor, lean, lame,
blind, and tame little duck.
Now the granger heard the shooting and came
down the hill cahootin, with a pitchfork
to go rooting at the tender-foot who tres-
passed on his farm;
But the sportsman said, appealing, that he
knew not he was stealing, and with every
kindly feeling he would gladly pay the
farmer for the harm.
Then he gave the man a dollar to stop his hue
and "holler," took his dog up by the collar
in a very desultory sort of way;
With his canvas-back a-swinging, he pursued
his road a-singing 'bout the game that he
was bringing as the product of his shoot-
ing for the day.
—*Newman Independent.*

Ruined.

Jack Packard, of Echo Hollow, an old fellow who had been a squatter all his life, called on Colonel Jickerson, the well-known lawyer. Old Jake had, a short time before, employed the lawyer as counsel in a divorce case.

"Good-morning, Uncle Jake, good-morning, sir."

"Hy'r!" said the old man as he sat down. "Col'n, yer tole me that you'd have that 'vorce by yistidy."

"Yes, I know that, Uncle Jake, but I have not been able to obtain it."

"What!" the old man exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"Yes, haven't been able to get it."

"Wall, I'll be durned. I thought you had got it an' I staked my all on your promise, an' now I'm ruined."

"How so, Uncle Jake?"

"W'y, bein' sartin that yer had the documents I got married yistidy."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Bad Rule for Cows.

"What's the matter?" asked a passenger on a Dakota train as they began to run considerably faster.

"Why, you see there is a blamed cow running ahead of us on the track and we're trying to catch her."

"What do you want to catch the cow for?"

"Why, great gosh! to kill her, of course! The rules allow us trainmen the hide and tallow and the meat goes to the directors. You bet I'm going to catch that cow unless she leaves the track or run the wheels right off of these cars. I told the fireman to break up the trunks in the baggage car and heave them into the furnace to make a hot fire, and I guess he's doing it."—*Estelline Bell.*

SOMEBODY says that the odor of fresh paint may be removed from a room by placing a saucer of ground coffee in the apartment. Now we understand why it is a man generally chews ground coffee when he is painting the town red.

A GERMAN embryologist, Professor Gerlack, has devised a method for watching the growth of unhatched birds through a small glass window made at the sharper end of the egg.

SOME subjects of discussion are so light that when you stop talking you don't hear anything drop.—*Burlington Free Press.*